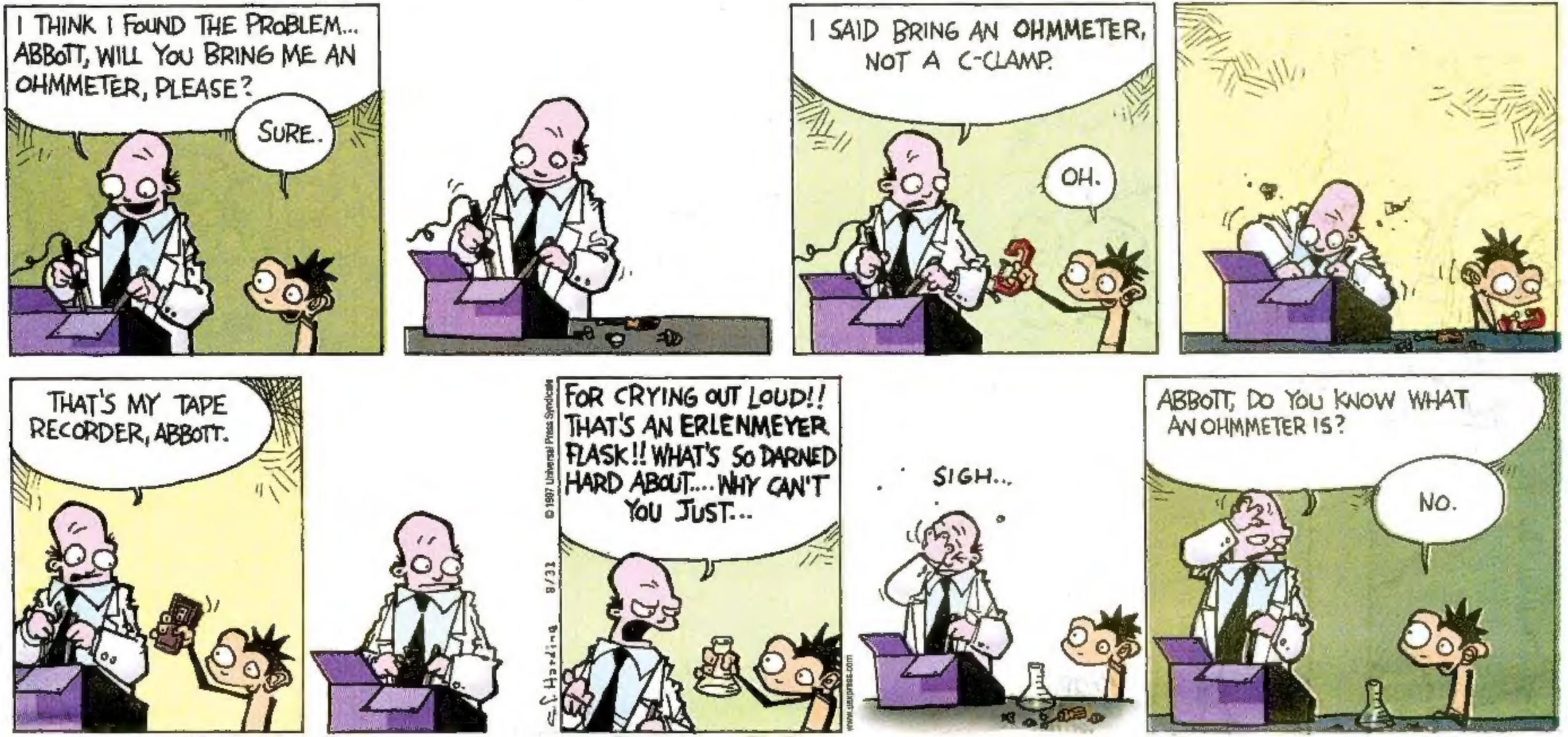
# FEET OF CLAY/ by C.S. Harding


I THINK I FOUND THE PROBLEM... ABBOTT, WILL YOU BRING ME AN OHMMETER, PLEASE?
SURE.
I SAID BRING AN OHMMETER, NOT A C-CLAMP.
OH.
THAT'S MY TAPE RECORDER, ABBOTT.
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!! THAT'S AN ERLENMEYER FLASK!! WHAT'S SO DARNED HARD ABOUT.... WHY CAN'T YOU JUST...
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C.S. Harding
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SIGH...
ABBOTT, DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN OHMMETER IS?
NO.

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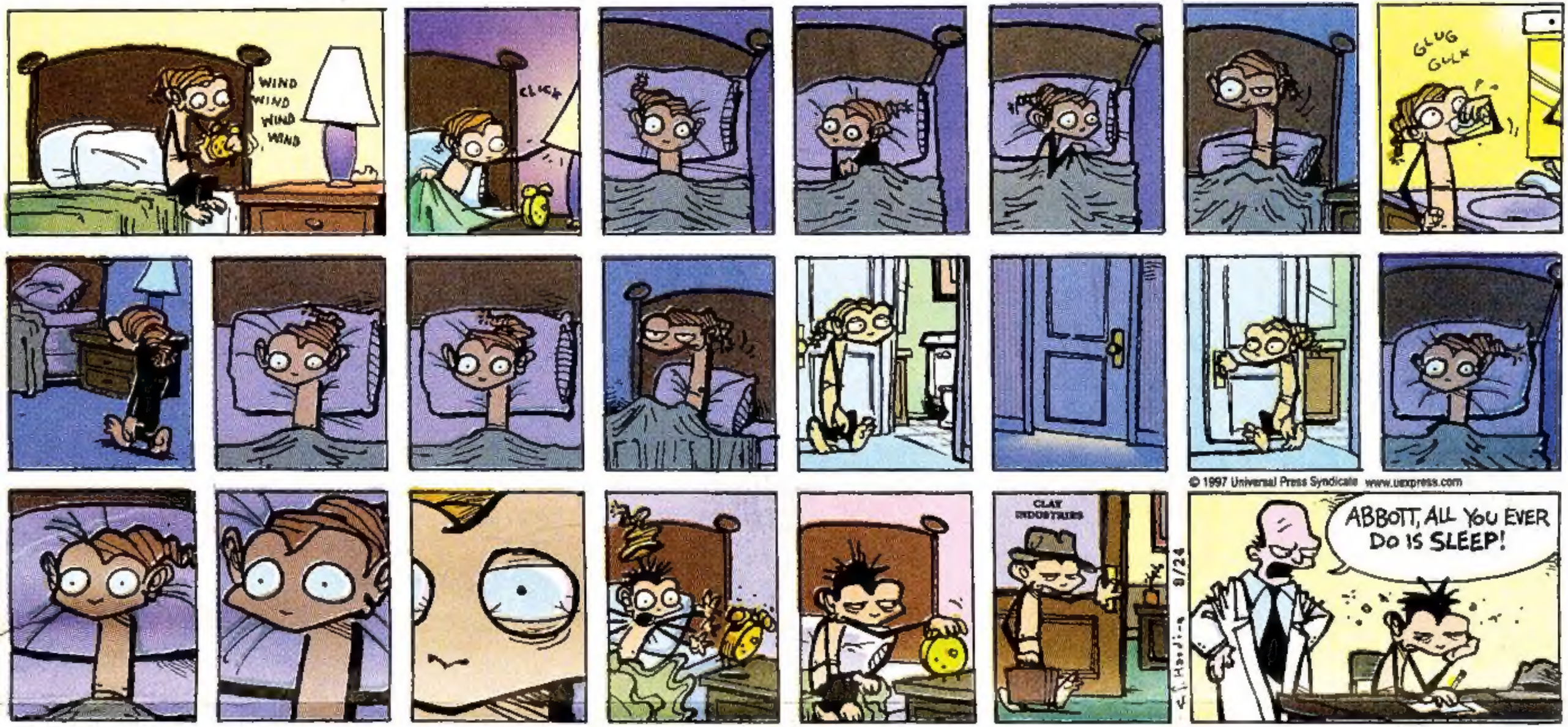

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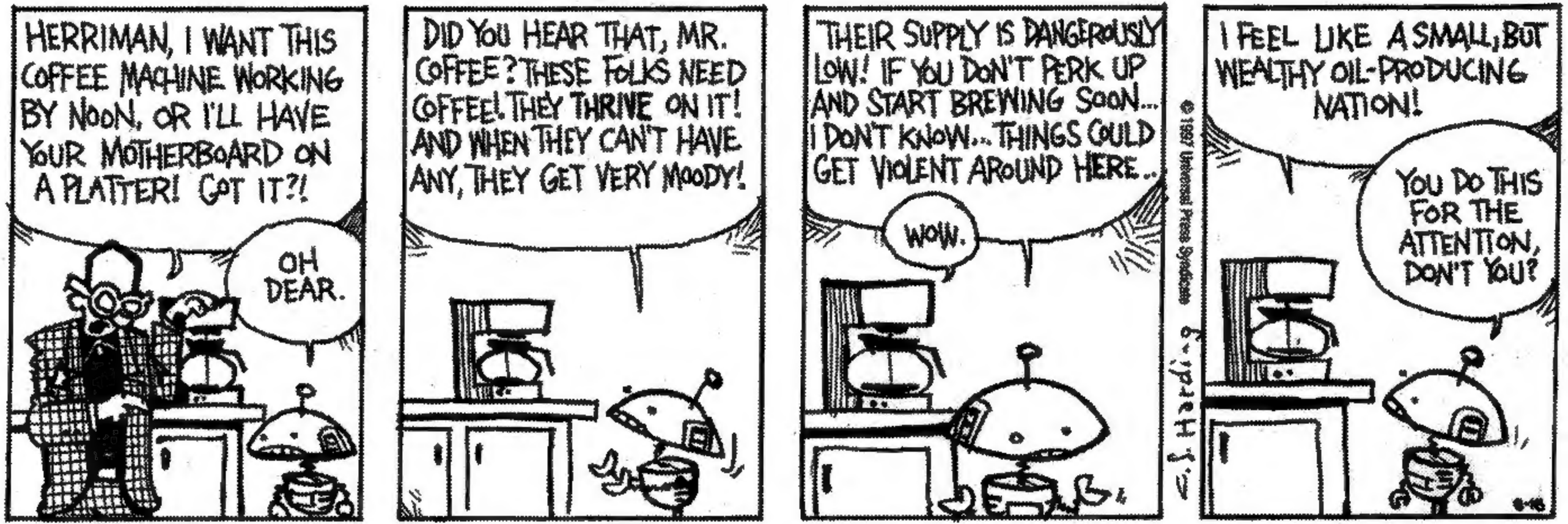
HERRIMAN, I WANT THIS COFFEE MACHINE WORKING BY NOON, OR I'LL HAVE YOUR MOTHERBOARD ON A PLATTER! GOT IT?!
OH DEAR.
DID YOU HEAR THAT, MR. COFFEE? THESE FOLKS NEED COFFEE! THEY THRIVE ON IT! AND WHEN THEY CAN'T HAVE ANY, THEY GET VERY MOODY!
THEIR SUPPLY IS DANGEROUSLY LOW! IF YOU DON'T PERK UP AND START BREWING SOON... I DON'T KNOW... THINGS COULD GET VIOLENT AROUND HERE..
WOW.
I FEEL LIKE A SMALL, BUT WEALTHY OIL-PRODUCING NATION!
YOU DO THIS FOR THE ATTENTION, DON'T YOU?
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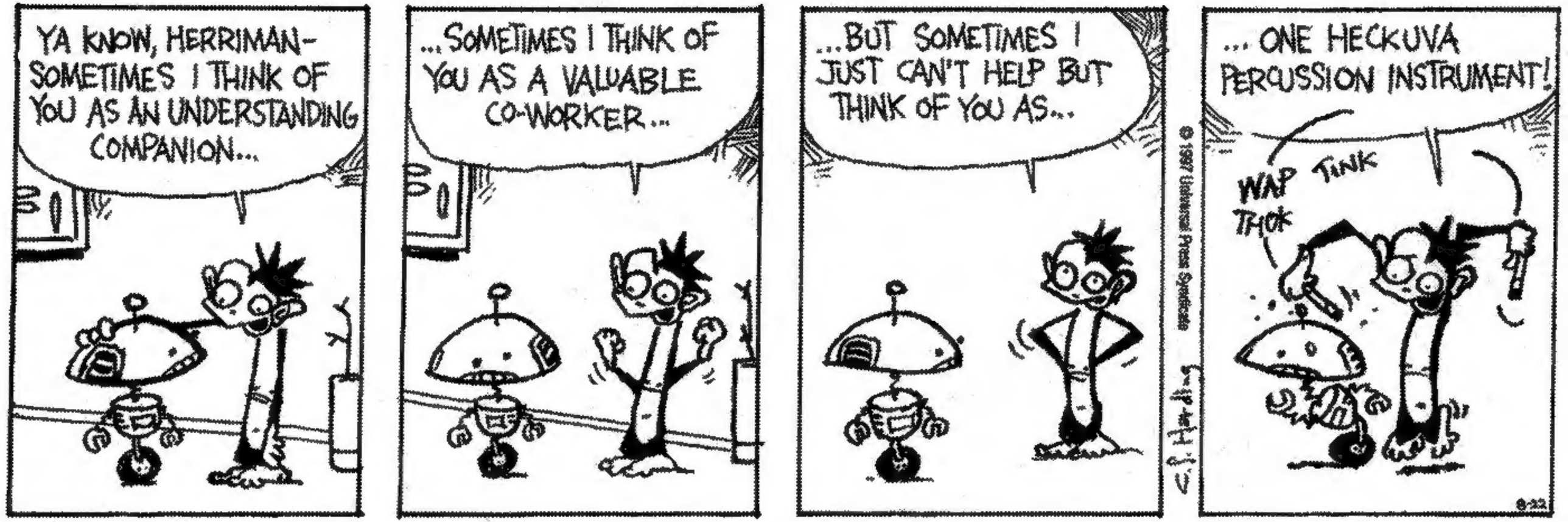
YA KNOW, HERRIMAN- SOMETIMES I THINK OF YOU AS AN UNDERSTANDING COMPANION...
...SOMETIMES I THINK OF YOU AS A VALUABLE CO-WORKER...
...BUT SOMETIMES I JUST CAN'T HELP BUT THINK OF YOU AS...
... ONE HECKUVA PERCUSSION INSTRUMENT!
WAP
TINK
THOK
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